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THE

YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

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Edited by Annie Besant, D. L., and G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B.

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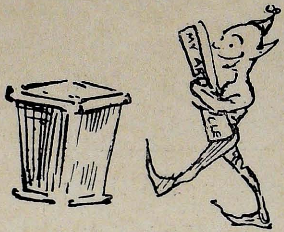

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In the June Number of

The Young Cittizen

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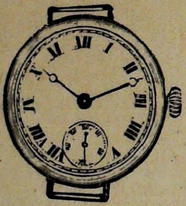

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL 2. MADRAS, 1st JUNE, 1924 No. 3

From The Front

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

I WANT to write this month about Public Service, and by these words I do not mean Public Service as ordinarily understood, as, for example, we have them in "Public Services Commission," or "the Public Services." Rather do I mean the duty each one of us owes to his or her community in the nature of public service—the service of the public, the service of the many, the service of the community, the service of the state, and eventually the service of the world. I have been dreaming about this a good deal, particularly because, being interested in young people, I am eager that the Spirit of Service should dominate their outlook upon life.

The other day I dreamed about public service somewhat definitely and I write down my dream in case it helps to more systematised and constructive activity in public service, so that gradually we come to understand that public service is the greatest joy and highest ambition of our lives. I should like young people to have the attitude that while, of course, they may need to take up a profession for the purpose of earning a livelihood, yet the profession must ever be subordinate to public service, and that the sooner they can consecrate themselves to public service exclusively the better. I dream that some day this ideal will be definitely recognised, will become part and parcel of conventional attitude, so that education will not merely be a preparation for a profession, but dominantly preparation for public service—the noblest of all professions.

I dream that some day the wise men of the state—some day the wise will always be in power, because they are wise, and because the people have learned to put the wise, and the wise alone, in places of authority—will construct an organisation whereby it will be possible to discover the most promising among the younger citizens, to draft these into special educational institutions where they will be trained for public service, irrespective of social position, of wealth or poverty, of all personal circumstances. Some so drafted may prove failures, others not drafted may show that they ought to have been drafted. Adjustments will be made for these exceptions. Normally, those chosen for public service, after receiving the necessary training—spiritual, physical, emotional, mental—will be attached to one or other of the great departments of state, will be given the necessary means of subsistence taking into consideration their personal obligations, and will thus devote themselves to the community, the nation, to which they belong. To be thus selected will be regarded as the highest honor. It will be a matter of pride for a family to be able to say: "We have given so many sons and daughters to public service"; or "Members of our family have more than once been selected for public service". This will be the hallmark of distinc-

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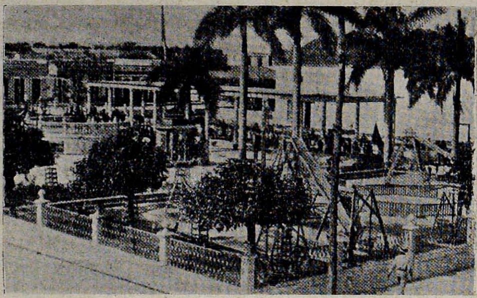
tion, the sign of aristocracy, of true nobility.

We have not yet reached this point. Many adjustments will have to take place before it can be reached. But we need not wait for the adjustments, or let me say rather—let us try to hasten the adjustments. How? Well, one way in which my dream told me the adjustment could be hastened is by trying to persuade local authorities at least, Corporations, Councils, Boards, Panchayats, to establish Bureaus of Public Service, Public Service Departments, with the special duty of acquainting the public with the needs of the locality for which the body appointing the Bureau or Department is responsible. There are so many needs, so many acts of service required, to meet which there are many people ready and eager if they only knew about them. There is much Love on the one hand, and much need, much suffering, on the other. But ignorance intervenes. Those who love do not know how to get at those who suffer, may not even know who do suffer, what is the nature of their suffering. And, on the other hand, those who suffer do not know how to get at those who love, and who are ready to express their love in practical service. As matters are at present, there is a wall of ignorance between those who love and who have and those who suffer and who need. My dream is that an organisation shall take the place of this wall, that the two shall be linked. There are in existence private charitable organisations, and these need not be discontinued, but true public service demands that public authorities shall accept responsibility for suffering, for need, for want, for misery, for unhappiness, to the utmost possible extent. The Kings in ancient days had such responsibilities. In modern democracies these responsibilities remain, and must be met.

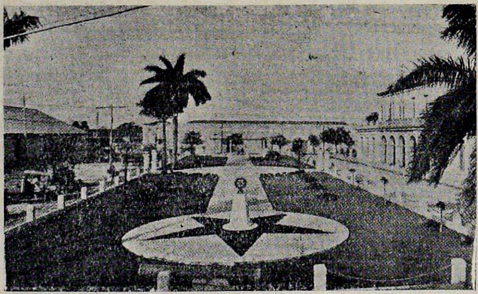
I dream, therefore, that there is a special department organised by every public body, co-ordinated at the top into a great Department of State, to serve as a link between love and need. And I see no reason why such a department should not be organised everywhere without delay. And this brings me to the other way indicated in my dream as a means whereby the adjustment might be hastened. Youth is growing increasingly active these days, is full of the spirit of service. Let young people begin the work of linking love to need, discovering the love and discovering the need. And when I say "young people", I do not merely mean people young in years, I mean also people old in years who belong to the Kingdom of the Young in Heart. I have sometimes wondered whether people who are in the habit of looking only at the surface of things do not criticise me for setting youth against age. May I say here, that nothing could be further from my intention? If I have emphasised the duties and opportunities of youth, their need for freedom, it is because it has been supremely necessary to show them clearly, even at the risk of misunderstanding on the part of age, that they have their own work to do in the world, their own mission, their own message to utter, that they must learn to stand on their own feet and form self-determined judgments. I have sought to free them from wrongful restraint, from wrongful imprisonment, from wrongful subordination. But to what end? To the end that young and old may work together in what is the common cause, each out of their freedom contributing means whereby the end may be attained. To the end that young and old alike may be young in heart. To the end that the experience and self-control of age may be allied in a true spirit of comradeship to the enthusiasm and vision of youth.

How are the young to begin the work? In two ways. First, by developing the youth spirit in all possible ways, whether among the old in years or among the young. My dream tells me that childlikeness must be the objective of the young. It is their message alike to young and old. And may I point out that this message has been recognised by some who are old in years even more than by the young? In all parts of the world to-day the youth-spirit is being catered for, and old and young profit alike. In the Royal Institution, London, periodical lectures are given on scientific subjects for the benefit of the young in years, but the old profit equally, possibly more. In Manchester, children's concerts are given every

week during certain seasons of the year, and the old get in if they can, though generally the hall is filled to overflowing with young people. In Cuba, Rotary Clubs are at work on giving the youth spirit healthy bodies in which to dwell, beginning with the young in years, and I reproduce here two delightful pictures—one a playground for young people



and the other a general public park for young and old, in which the Youth-Spirit may develop amidst beautiful surroundings.



These are two illustrations of work being done in many Cuban cities.

Why do not young people, Youth Lodges of the Theosophical Society, Members of the Order of the Star in the East, College and School Societies, Young People's movements, members of the International League of Youth, make a special point of spreading the Youth-Spirit in their respective localities—irrespective of all question of age—the youth outlook, the youth ideal of service? There is so much they might, and can, do. Obstacles? of course. Life would not be worth living without obstacles. Difficulties? of course. Without difficulties success would not be worth while. What to do then? First, make the link between Love and Need. Find out those who love, who are ready to help. Find out those who need—alas! an easy task. Bring the two together. Try to induce the principal local authority to establish a Public Service Department. Let the young people—the young in heart—offer to man it and work it. A Bureau of Information linking up compassion with distress would be the thin end of a wedge which, driven home, would once and for all break down the wall between the happy and the miserable.

What else? Well, if the local authority lack the necessary vision and enterprise to start such a Department, the young people—again all young of heart—might start it themselves, surveying their locality with minuteness, both as to its love-capacity and as to its need-intensity. Then they might try to purify their locality so that the youth spirit might have a better chance for growth than it has at present. This will have to be done, first by steady enthusiasm and wise direction of energy on the part of the young people themselves, second by gradually stimulating a public recognition of the need for the permeation everywhere of the youth-spirit. And little by little Homes of Greatness will be established, special libraries, or departments in existing libraries, will be established, consecrated to the Youth-Spirit in some of its varied manifestations, amusements will so be controlled by the young in heart that they are truly stimulating, educative, inspiring, instead of being the very reverse, as so many of them are to-day. Take, for example, theatres and cinemas. When will the young be able, having established a certain tone among themselves, successfully to inflict a boycott on a film or on a play because it is not worthy of the youth-spirit? So many films, so many plays throughout the world, are degrading to an almost inconceivable extent, stifle the youth-spirit and distort the vision, the enthusiasm, the generosity, of youth. The old have failed to censor these films and these plays. Cannot the young

exercise moral pressure at least among themselves?

Then music needs far more encouragement among the young than it receives at present. Why cannot young people try to organise, in a small way at first, of course, concerts for young people, taking care to see that the performers and their selections are worthy of the audience? Why cannot waste spaces be converted by degrees into playgrounds, recreation fields? Why cannot attractive addresses be organised, showing how the world has grown, how it is growing, how it needs to grow? I might add almost indefinitely to these "Whys". What is wanted is that the young in heart should not be afraid of beginning, should not be afraid of failure and defeat, should not be afraid of beginning in a very small way, should not be afraid of any amount of even effective discouragement, should not be afraid of making mistakes, should not be afraid of seeing no results. Where there's a will to serve, there is God to help. And God will transmute, in His own good time, failure and defeat into triumph, the little beginning into the great achievement, the effective discouragement into irresistible force, the mistakes into capacity, the apparent absence of all result into the reality of a mighty movement. We pray to God. We erect temples to Him. We worship Him. We proclaim our belief in Him. We beseech His aid. We invoke His Name. But we do not trust Him in our hearts. It is an essential part of the Youth-Spirit to trust God, and to *know* that the desire to serve brings God nearer to us than aught else, and where God is there the end is sure, though the beginnings may be in darkness. Think no task too great, O young in heart, which is inspired by that spirit of service which is the heart of brotherhood, for no task is too great for God. But be content to begin humbly, obscurely, aiming at the little achievements—until God, recognising your earnestness, rewards it with greater power.

Thanksgiving

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

As we have gathered in rich harvest from Thy fields,
As we have taken lovely fruits from bending trees,
So gather Thou, O God, Thanksgiving from our hearts,
So take Thou gratitude from those on bended knees.

We sowed Thy ground with humble seeds, but Thou hast sown
Our minds with wisdom and our hearts with faith and love;
And if, from such a source, our harvest was so fair,
Oh, how much fairer should Thy harvest be above!

We've seen our tiny seeds yield flower and fruit and grain—
A myriad of blossoms in each garden bed;
Frail petals formed into the apple, pear, and plum;
And sun-filled wheat from which we'll bake our winter's bread.

So mayst Thou see Thy seeds have borne Thee beauty, too—
Delightful songs and poems, pictures like glad flowers;
And kindly thoughts become great deeds, like ripened fruit;
And thankfulness to give Thee cheer in quiet hours.

As we have gathered in rich harvest from Thy fields,
As we have taken lovely fruits from bending trees,
So gather Thou, O God, Thanksgiving from our hearts.
So take Thou gratitude from those on bendedknees!

—*Good House-Keeping* (New York)

In The World's Service

Shri Shankaracharya

THIS great restorer of the Hindu religion, and founder of its noblest philosophical school, took birth among men soon after the passing away of the Lord Gautama Buddha, though a much later date is usually assigned to Him. In the East, the immortality of a Great Teacher is more profoundly realised than in the West, and so those who are His spiritual sons, bearing the unmistakable impress of His personal influence and continuing His work, are intuitively recognised as one with Himself, their Gurudeva, however many centuries may stretch between them and the true manifestation. Learned historians may chafe, groping in the dust, to find reliable evidence of a Zarathustra and others; but so it must be, for these things are truly not of time but of eternity. In this connection, we may well ponder over the words of the Christ when someone found fault with His chronology: "Verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

It seems that, in that wonderful fifth century B. C., when Great Messengers were incarnating in different lands, to suit old truths to new times, as Pythagoras in Greece and Lao-Tze in China, the Supreme Teacher Himself trod the soil of India, the Holy Land of old, as Gautama the Buddha. But His message was not meant primarily for Hindus, though deeply influencing Hinduism, just as Christianity was not meant primarily for the Jews; and there was some danger lest the beauty of His life of service and noble ethical teachings might lead to the disparagement, and ultimate loss, of those superb philosophical truths which Hinduism held in trust for the world. So it was deemed necessary that another Great One should come to illuminate and restore, supplementing the work of His great Brother, but in no way opposing it, though the followers of both were later to come into conflict, as foolish followers will!

Shri Shankarachârya was born, it is said, in Kerala, to an elderly Brahmana couple, who were devotees of Mahadeva. Some accounts claim a miraculous birth for Him, of the God Shiva, and, as in the case of the Lord Jesus, doubts were later cast on His legitimacy. In a dream, Mahadeva offered His parents the choice, either of one son, of surpassing wisdom and merit but of short life, or of many sons of more ordinary character and length of days. The parents made the better choice, though afterwards the mother would seek to wean her son from His path of renunciation, and would have to be reminded by the Rishi Agastya of her earlier decision.

Indeed she was highly honored, for He who had come to her for motherly care was none other than a Son of the Fire, sent forth from the very throne of Him to Whom the whole world bows in reverence, the Spiritual King of the Earth.

This wonderful child soon set about "His Father's business," mastering many of the Shâstras before He was eight, and finishing His education at sixteen. Then, resisting His mother's wish for His marriage, He won her reluctant consent to His becoming a Sannyasi. Thenceforth He journeyed tirelessly over the vast plains of India, from the Himalayas and Kashmir to Cape Comorin, from Puri in the East to Dwârkâ in the West, establishing Muths, disputing with and enlightening the learned, sternly denouncing ill practices, and winning, by His sweet reasonableness, the most

perversely orthodox. His was a mighty work of organising and purifying, while at the same time He lit a flame of devotion in men's hearts, strong enough to revitalise the whole of Hinduism, giving it a philosophy unapproachable in its loftiness by any other religion in the world.

A beautiful story is told of Him, when He went to Kashi (or Benares), early in life. On his way to a bath in the holy river Gangâ, His way was obstructed by a chândâla—the lowest of outcastes—whose touch is pollution to the Brahmana. His disciples ran forward, shouting to the chândâla to withdraw, but the latter held his ground, and put the pertinent question, how the Master could reconcile such proud exclusiveness with His doctrine of the One Life in all. At once Shri Shankarâchârya did homage to the chândâla, exclaiming that here indeed was His Guru, who had taught Him to look on phenomena rightly. The story goes that then the supposed chândâla revealed himself as none other than Mahadeva, Who had taken this illusory form to teach a lesson, but perhaps one may be permitted to doubt whether there was any immediate and striking change in the appearance of the chândâla; only the eyes of spiritual discernment had penetrated beneath the polluted body. It is significant that to-day, in Kerala, the Lord's own birth-place, a struggle is going on to win respect for these same outcastes, and opposition again comes from the orthodox, who refuse to see Mahadeva in the form of these lowly servants of society.

Another story is told of His tenderness to His mother. Left a widow soon after the birth of her great Son, she had found it difficult to resign her one treasure to the service of the world—like another mother, in Galilee, some centuries later. Shri Shankarâchârya had promised her, however, that notwithstanding His Sannyasi vows, He would never neglect any practice necessary for her spiritual well-being; and so, on hearing of her declining health, He abruptly left His disciples, and alone sought her bed-side.

There, at her request, He illuminated her mind by lofty philosophical teachings, and so magnificently did He chant the glories of Shiva, in an inspired hymn, that at His call the Messengers of Mahadeva appeared, to take under their charge the soul of the dying woman. But she shrank in terror from the dread appearance of these Mighty Forms, being unable to rise to that grandeur of vision which perceives beauty and tenderness through the stern aspect of power. So her great Son, in compassion, tuned His song afresh, to the praises of Vishnu, Whose Messengers, coming in less awe-inspiring forms, bore her away to bliss.

Now her funeral rites had to be performed, and among friends and kinsfolk of the Nambudiri Brahmana caste, the Master could find none to help Him, because, forsooth, He, as a Sannyasi, was going against orthodox practice in performing any rites. Another theory is that their objections were on the grounds of His rumored illegitimacy. They even went so far as to refuse Him fire for the burning, and so He did all Himself, alone and unassisted, carrying the poor mortal remains to the pyre He had prepared. He exercised His Divine Power to bring fire from the wood of plantain trees, and performed all the due rites which would give peace to the soul of His mother.

Again we are reminded of another Prophet Who was "not without honor, save in His own country and among His own people." That Great One, too, had sometimes to disregard the wishes of her who had given Him His mortal body, but, before passing away, even from the Cross He recommended her to the care of His beloved Apostle, taking pity on her sonless age, and honoring this as His one debt to earth.

It is claimed that Shri Shankarâchârya rigorously excluded women from His orders, but in view of one tale that is told, this may well be thought a later innovation. The tale is that at a famous debate with Mandana Misra, champion of Vedic Hindu orthodoxy, on the relative virtues of the Sannyasi and Householder modes of life, each undertook, if beaten, to relinquish his mode of life, in favor of the other. Mandana had a very learned wife, by name Bhârati, who, at Shri Shankarâchârya's suggestion, was made umpire in the verbal contest. After several days, the verdict went against her husband, but Bhârati claimed the favor of a further discussion, with herself, since

Mandana was so far but half defeated. Now, therefore, the dispute was resumed, and lasted for many days further before Bhârati was overcome in argument. The Master, indeed, found Himself unable to answer from His own experience some of her arguments on the Science of Love; so temporarily laying aside the body, He entered into, that of a King who had just died and was being mourned by his Queens. He spent a month in their company, to the delight of that kingdom, who found their king marvellously improved; then He returned, to win His victory over Bhârati, who, like her husband, became His devoted follower. The tale is a quaint one, but shows no want of respect for women, and their fitness for a Holy Life.

It is probable that, in His short life of thirty-two years, Shri Shankarâchârya wrote little, the three famous commentaries that go under His name being the work of a later Shankarâchârya, perhaps overshadowed by his Master, and certainly recording His teachings. As in the case of the Christian Gospels, these were transmitted orally among the Master's followers long before they were committed to writing. Prominent among these teachings occur the Four Qualifications for Discipleship, with which many of us are familiar in their modern garb, as forming the ground-work of *At the Feet of the Master*. Shri Shankarâchârya gives them as Discrimination, Desirelessness, Self-Control and Longing for Liberation, the last being explained by our latest Teacher, as Love, because that word best conveys, to modern understanding, the real meaning of the Fourth Qualification, so often misunderstood by seekers after Moksha.

His work was done by the time His body was thirty-two years old, and so He laid it aside as a garment, in a cave of the Himalayas at Kedarnath, whence He was never seen to emerge, though popularly believed to be still in existence, and accessible to His disciples.

Madame Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine* has some interesting things to say about Shri Shankarâchârya. Referring to a theory that He was a reincarnation of the Buddha, she denies this, but states that the "personal remains" or astral and mental vehicles of the Lord Gautama were used for this Great Personality, though the Atman, or Higher Self, was quite other, being indeed that of one of the Kumâras, sometimes called "Pratyeka Buddhas," in loftiness equal to a Buddha, but exercising another function in the Great Hierarchy. Shri Shankarâchârya is regarded as the abode, for the thirty-two years of His mortal life, of a Flame, the highest of the manifested Spiritual Beings. (*S. D.* Vol. III.) Another significant passage says: "Shankarâchârya was reputed to be an Avatara, an assertion the writer implicitly believes in, but which other people are, of course, at liberty to reject. And as such, He took the body of a Southern Indian, newly-born, Brahmana body; that body, for reasons as important as they are mysterious to us, is said to have been animated by Gautama's personal remains. This divine Non-Ego chose as its own Upadhi (physical basis), the ethereal, human ego of a great Sage in this world of forms, as the fittest vehicle for the Spirit to descend into". (*S. D.* Vol. III, p. 80)

H. V.

SAVIORS IN BECOMING

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviors of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us,
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He too is a Redeemer, Son of God.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Buddhist Stories No. XIII

KISA GOTAMI AND THE MUSTARD SEED

(*Trans. from the Comy. on Theri-Gatha, "Psalms of the Sisters."*)

BORN in the days of Padumuttara, the Exalted One, in the town of Hamsavati, in a householder's family, when she reached years of discretion, she went one day to hear the Master preach the Truth. There she beheld Him giving the highest honor to a certain sister who wore coarse garments. So she made a vow that she too would aspire to that honor. After running the round of rebirth for a hundred thousand kalpas in the worlds of the devas and mankind, she took birth in this Buddha-age at Sâvatthi, in a poor household, and she was called Gotami: but so lean was she in body that they called her Gotami the Lean (*kisa*). When she entered her husband's home they scornfully called her "daughter of a mean house"; but when a son was born to her they honored her.

Now when her son was of an age to run up and down, while playing one day he fell and died: whereat great sorrow came upon her. And she said to herself: "Formerly I was scorned: but when I got a son I was honored. But now these folk will want to take my son and cast him forth". So in her great sorrow she took the dead body on her hip and roamed the town, going from door to door and asking "Give medicine for my boy". But people mocked at her and asked "Of what use is medicine?" She could not understand their talk. Then thought a certain wise man. "This woman is distraught with sorrow for her child. He of the Ten Powers will know some remedy for her." So he said to her, "Good woman, go you to the Fully-Enlightened One, and ask of Him a medicine for your child".

So when the Master was teaching she went to the Residence and said "O Lord, give me a medicine for my child." And the Master, beholding the destiny that was hers, replied: "Go thou to the town, enter in and beg a little mustard seed in whatsoever house no man hath died."

"Even so, Lord" with joy she made reply, and entering the town went to the very first house and said: "I would fain have a little mustard seed as medicine for my child. If in this house no one hath died, give me a little mustard seed."

"Who can reckon up the number of them that have died here" was the answer. "Then of what use to me is such mustard seed?" said she, and so went to the second and third house in like manner (and got not what she asked for). Then by the Buddha's power her sorrow was assuaged, and being now in her right mind she thought, "In all this town this must be the way of things. This the Exalted One must have seen out of compassion for me". So, thrilled thereat, she went forth again and flung away the body in the charnel-field, and sang this verse:

This is no law for village or for town,
No law for any single family.
Through all the world of devas and of men
This law holds good: ALL IS IMPERMANENT.

So saying she came back to the Master and He said unto her: "Hast thou got the mustard seed, Gotami?" "Done is the business, Lord, of the mustard seed," said she. "Do thou establish me." Then the Master sang this verse:

Care-stricken, with his thoughts of sons and herds,
Attached to life, Death comes and seizes man,
As a flood sweeps a slumbering village away.

When the verse was ended, even as she stood there, she was established in the Fruits of Stream-winning, and asked to be ordained. So the Master consented to it, and she, saluting thrice by the right, went away to the abode of the sisters, was entered and ordained, and not long after, working with mind intent, she made insight grow in her. Then the Master sent forth a radiance and sang this verse to her:

Tho' one live a hundred years
  And see not the Deathless State,
'Tis better to live for a day
  And see the Deathless State.

When the verse was done she won Arahantship there and then, and becoming famous in her practice of the homeless life, went about wearing the three coarse garments of the mendicant. Then the Master, as he sat in Jeta Grove and gave honors to the Sisters, proclaimed her foremost of those who wore rough garments. (And thus was her vow fulfilled).

F. L. WOODWARD

196801

The Youth Movement

[We are glad to print under this head a most interesting address by Principal F. G. Pearce, delivered some time ago but not so far published, on the subject of "Citizenship". Mr. Pearce is, of course, very well known to our Indian readers as the father of Indian Scouting, as well as an educationist of exceptional ability. Eds.]

IF, under the old régime, the subject of Citizenship, especially Indian Citizenship, suffered the fate of scarcely even being mentioned, it is certainly out of danger in that respect for it is sufficiently talked about in the present time. To what extent it is seriously regarded as the fundamentally important matter with which the State, especially the State of the future, should concern itself, is altogether another matter.

At any rate I shall not run the risk of boring you with any attempt to justify the teaching of Citizenship, I will rather assume that you all admit the necessity of its being taught as one of the first essentials. The problem I have to lay before you, together with a few suggestions as to its solution, is therefore HOW can we best teach Citizenship. I have added another aspect of the problem, namely WHERE can we best teach it; my reasons for so doing will be evident presently.

First, I should like to defend myself against the assumption which might be in the minds of some of you, that, because I happen to be identified with the Scout Movement I am going merely to try to push Scouting down your throats as the panacea for all ills and the solution of all educational problems. I do believe it goes a long way, probably a good deal further than any other single system of training, and, therefore, is of very great educational value, both as an instrument for and as a suggestion to the teacher. But I should never dare to say more than this. Scouting has its distinct limitations, the chief of which is that at present it is practically a leisure hour occupation. A boy spends perhaps thirty hours a week in school, and probably not more than five at the most in Scouting, and, at present, the Scout system has not really been correlated with the school work, except in one or two schools in England where the headmaster happens to be a keen Scout-officer himself. It has not been done in India so far as I know, and how far it is possible here, without taking away some of the essential features of the training, is one of the questions I wish to place before you later on.

To save time I shall now summarise in the form of a chart the various aspects of Citizenship training, and their aims. I define Citizenship as "Self-discipline for the sake of service", and this of course is really nothing more nor less than what is meant by "Dharma", or, if you like, the civic aspect of Dharma. And it is worth while to notice that citizenship training, like Dharma, must vary according to the individual, his temperament and stage of evolution. It is of no use, for example, to expect the same degree of development of the sense of honor or of responsibility in all your pupils. If you do, you will simply court disappointment. How far the teacher should let the backward ones *know* that he does not expect the same standard is quite another matter.

I will ask you now to glance over the chart which appears on the next page. It will readily be seen that a dozen lectures might easily be given on the points referred to in the above chart. Here I shall deal in outline only with the Principles of the training, under the three aspects "Culture," "Civilisation," "Consecration." If you consider the terms ill-chosen, kindly regard them as mere abbreviations for the explanations which follow them in the chart.

The Principle underlying what I have termed "Culture" seems to me to be the process of refinement. The Principle underlying what I have termed "Civilisation" seems to me to be twofold, namely: (a) Not to hinder or infringe upon the rights of others; (b) Actively to help others. The principle underlying what I have termed "Consecration" seems to me to be the harmonising of one's nature so as to be a channel for the Divine forces. I consider that all three are necessary for citizenship in the fullest sense,—citizenship of the world and not of a clique, caste or family. Mere "cultivation" of oneself alone produces the self-absorbed

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selfish recluse—be he scholar or Sanyâsi. The cultivation of the civic virtues alone, without culture and a great ideal, is likely enough to produce a demagogue. And mere "consecration," (if one may use the term in a lower sense,) can undoubtedly produce fanatics if it has nothing else to support it and tone it down.

Looking at the first section, culture, refinement, we note that in practically every case its attainment requires careful external supervision. Naturally, for this is the aspect which comes into most prominence in the earliest years, say up to about twelve years of age, though I do not at all mean it ceases there. I mean that is the time when it is easiest to make a "cultural"

Citizenship

DHARMA

OR

'SELF-DISCIPLINE FOR THE SAKE OF SERVICE'

Under 3 aspects

viz:

	I		II		III	
	CULTURE		**CIVILISATION**		**CONSECRATION**	
	i. e. having reference to the development of *our own nature.* The Principle of the training being *Refinement.*		*i. e.* having reference to our *relations with our fellows.* The Principles of the training being (a) *Not to hinder others* (b) *To help others.*		*i. e.* having reference to our *relation with the Highest.* The Principle of the training being *Fitness to be a channel of the Divine.*	
	The Requirements:	*The Means*:	*The Requirements*:	*The Means*:	*The Requirements*:	*The Means*:
PHYSICAL BODY	Refinement of body. Pure food, air, exercise, habits: Environment, dress, home life, etc.	Careful supervision in home or in hostel. Out-door life.	(*a*) Sanitation. (*b*) Eugenics.	Service leagues. Frank teaching and good example. Patriotic appeal.	According to the type: (1) Server Balance Co-operation, Trustworthiness and loyalty.	Personal love
SOCIAL NATURE	Response to love and not to hate. Harmony. Simplicity. Art. Music. Beauty.	Maternal love. Inexpensive cleanliness and neatness. Nature, Music, Ceremonial.	(*a*) Good manners. Business-like habits. (*b*) 'Good turns'	Hostel life. Scouting idea.	(2) Organiser Initiative, 'Push', Plain dealing, Philanthropy Calm.	Mess Committees, School-shop, Co-operative Societies, Charity organisation.
MIND	The mind as an orderly mechanism. Keen perception Quick deductions. Vivid imaginations. Initiative.	Travel. Holidays. Out door life. Toys. Hobbies.	(*a*) Knowledge of laws of Nature and Country. (*b*) Productivity. Initiative.	Science. General knowledge. Newspaper periods. Debates. Study circles. Hobbies, etc.	(3) Ruler Courage, Sacrifice, Tolerance.	Prefectship Parliament Scoutmaster-ship, etc.
SPIRITUAL NATURE	Perception of Spiritual values. Truth, Sincerity, Honour.	Stories. Hero-worship Trust (Team-games, Scouting.)	(*a*) Good example to others. (*b*) Responsibility of leadership	Patrol or Prefect system Parliament, Court of Honor.	(4) Teacher Patience, Sympathy, Sensitiveness, Self-discipline, Some isolation.	Night School, T. S. Lodges, Study groups, etc.

impression, to form refined habits, etc., just as the later years are those when the civic virtues make the readiest appeal.

And, lest, I be jumped on by the Montessori experts here, let me say that by "supervision" I mean, to a large extent protection, protection from the abundance of adult superstitions which doom the average child, the superstitions with regard to food, exercise, fresh air, dress. In these it is a matter of educating the parents in order to protect the child. What real chance has a child of learning even physically refined habits and tastes who is brought up amid dirty clothes, in dusty rooms, who breathes all night the air of rooms whose windows are rarely open, and, who in many cases lives on meat or fish and smells the fumes of alcohol in the very breath of its father or mother?

Again, what chance has the child of learning the beauty of simplicity, who lives amid the untidiness which mars many Indian homes, or amid the incongruous superfluity which mars an equal number of those of people who, being rich enough to keep servants to clean their rooms, are not Indian enough to keep to that Indian simplicity which alone is really sanitary in the tropics, where curtains and furniture and knick-knacks only provide places where moth and rust do corrupt.

Next comes the refinement of the emotions, the drawing out of response through love, the gradual weaning of the nature towards the love of harmony in preference to the coarser vibrations of disputation, rivalry, etc;—these essential features of early citizenship training are really the function of the home-life, especially of the mother, to develop. But it cannot possibly be denied that, whatever the past may have been like, there is an appalling amount of disharmony in most homes, so careless or ignorant is the modern parent that it often goes to the extent of children being allowed to witness their adult relatives quarrelling violently before their very eyes. Nor are the conditions one whit the better in the average school, as far as I can see. How can the students learn the lessons of love and co-operation when they witness the reverse among their teachers?

For the refinement of the mind there is a little more chance, though much less in India than in most countries, owing to the abominable cramming for examinations and the killing out of interest in both teacher and pupil, which is a result of the system. But the child-mind is amazingly responsive and hardy. In spite of everything, most children retain something of the spirit of wonder; they appreciate new things; their perceptions are fairly quick and keen (compared with those of adults); they like travel; they want to know; they want to make. The awful extent to which the present educational system and its slaves, the teachers, are capable of killing out this spirit of wonder, of enterprise, this very essence of delight in the young life, can be observed by anyone who takes the trouble to make a few journeys in crowded third class carriages and observes how many children look out of the windows with anything like interest in all the scenes that pass before them. And the teachers themselves would be the best witnesses to prove how few children really have hobbies or produce anything in the least degree original of their own accord.

And lastly, what encouragement have the children in the search for truth, the love of honor, and the respect for sincerity? Thank God, they still have the memory of the great tales of the heroes of the *Râmâyana* and the *Mahâbharata*, which were told them at their mother's knee. But after that, how much of hero-worship is in their lives? How much of honor, when they hear promises made chiefly in order to be broken? How much of sincerity when they see the modern way of carrying out the precepts of Hinduism?

The purpose served in thus looking at the negative side is that we can clearly see what is needed and perhaps arrive at the answer to the "HOW?" How are we to provide these conditions we have seen to be so conspicuous by their absence? How to provide the cleanliness of surroundings, the purity of food, the beauty of simplicity, the harmonious atmosphere of love, the encouragement of "wonder" and of the desire to make something, the hero-worship, the love of honor, the respect for sincerity?

There can hardly be any doubt that the natural place where we should *hope* to find all

these is in the home. But in many cases we simply do *not* find most of them. What are we to do? We cannot wait to educate the parents; in any case we cannot do that; most of them are beyond salvation in this life.

Does the day-school provide what we require? At present, generally not at all. However, it is possible it *might*. But we are up against a difficulty. These early years are the most impressionable. What the child learns of refinement even in an ideal school will readily be cancelled by what it unlearns in a home such as we have been speaking of. And besides, such schools are impossibly rare, and will remain rare, in spite of changes in curricula until a more ideal type of schoolmaster is attracted to the teaching profession. Can anything be done through other institutions? Yes, something, I think. Scouting, especially its junior branch, the "Cubs" as they are called, can help, not merely or even mainly perhaps because of the system itself, but because altruistic and good men are attracted to become Scoutmasters and Cubmasters owing to the fact that the movement appeals to the idealistic and (above all, perhaps) to the *voluntary* worker, so the question of personal gain does not come in. On the whole, I am afraid I must give it as my opinion that the usefulness of the Scout Movement is more likely to be destroyed than increased by attaching it to the schools as they are at present. The reason is simple. If the Scout Troop or Cub Pack is a school affair, it is almost inevitably officered by one of the teachers. Except in rare cases this simply means a little more of the same process, and taken out of the boys' leisure hours too. When the type of teacher begins to change, then I will begin to change this opinion.

But even the training of the boy in the Cub Pack, outside school hours, does not supply even half the needs we stated above, and in any case it does not overcome the objection that the bad home influence will undo most of the good achieved. Is there any remedy?

The only one I can conceive of is to have residential schools for young boys. To have such schools with the present average kind of teacher would be to add to the evil. You must have in fact, the "Cubmaster" kind of teacher. That means, in the first place, decent enough pay to attract the right type of man, and secondly, it means training. Both mean money, and Government alone can manage that, and an Indian Government alone is competent to arrange the kind of education that should be given. So there is work for the new Minister. I hope at least that he will see that every teachers' college library contains a copy of the handbook by Sir Robert Baden-Powell explaining the system of Cub training. Much could be done with that alone if it were really carried out.

(To be concluded)

YOUTH'S DEFIANCE

If you dam up the river of Progress
  At your peril and cost let it be!
That river must seaward despite you—
  'Twill break down your dams and be free!
And we heed not the pitiful barriers
  That you in its way have down cast;
For your efforts but add to the torrent,
  Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last!
For our banner is raised and unfurled,
  At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
  Our hope is the hope of the World!

E. Nesbit

A Woman of the Hour

SRIMATI RAMABAI RANADE

[The passing of Srimati Ramabai Ranade a short time ago deprives India of one of her greatest women, who will, however, be remembered in that wonderful institution the Seva Sadan, and even more for her noble example of selfless service, heroically pursued amidst hardships and sorrows. We think it appropriate to reproduce from *To-morrow* of a couple of years ago an interesting interview with this great lady which Mrs. Cousins was fortunate enough to have. It gives the message she would have wished to leave with us. We add also a pen-sketch of her great husband—the inspirer of her work. EDS.]

THE late Mr. Justice Ranade has many claims on the gratitude of Indians for the great works he initiated and accomplished, but the more I see and know of the life of Bombay and Poona, the more do I think that Mr. Ranade's greatest achievement was his wife.

Under her care the famous institution known as the Seva Sadan has developed from being a Hindu Ladies' Social Club, with about twenty members in 1909, into the finest educational institution for married women in India, with a daily attendance this year of over 900 married women in Poona and 450 in Bombay.

What manner of woman is this who has been able so to stimulate in other women such a widespread desire for knowledge, and so to organise such successful methods of satisfying it? She is a typical daughter of her land—Maharastra—simple, hard-working; hard-headed, soft-hearted; practical, idealistic; patriotic, parochial; shy, brave; conservative, pioneering; a paradox of good qualities, but supremely a servant of her sisters, with life dedicated to their advancement.

"Readiness" seems to me to be her fundamental characteristic. It is illustrated by her method of replying to my request that she would spare me some of her valuable time at the close of a meeting which we were both attending, and then grant me an interview. "Come into my office now," she said, "we can have some time while the ladies are gathering, and I will tell you about my life." Similarly has she been ready and willing to seize every opportunity for helpfulness.

But while her spirit of readiness belongs to her own soul, her capacity for being prepared for the best use of the opportunity is the product of years of training and education given to her by her noble husband. She told me she was born in a little village in the Satara District, her father being a first-class sub-judge. That was in 1862, and she was only eleven years old when she was married to the then recently widowed Mr. Ranade, aged 32. It was a great blow to his shattered idealism that is father insisted that he should marry a mere child, but he was the eldest of a large family, and his sense of filial duty was strong. He determined that at least he would put the remains of his idealism into practice in his care and protection of his little Ramabai, and from the moment she came to his house he began to teach her all he knew. It

was against odds that together he carried out her education. It was a large household of 25 people of the old-fashioned, orthodox kind. "Not even the children were allowed to go out freely," said Mrs. Ranade, "and when they saw me reading a book they looked on it as an insult to them, and used to tell me to put it away. It was only in my husband's room that I had peace, learning and freedom."

When Ramabai Ranade was 19 years of age she came under the influence of the famous Pandita Ramabai who started the Mahila Arya Samaj and at her house used to lecture on the Puranas week by week. Because Mrs. Ranade attended these meetings she was not allowed to touch the other women of her family or the cooking vessels of the house. But she persisted in improving her mind, and gained so much courage from the example of the Pandita that in 1884 she read an address to the Governor praying that a Girls' High School might be established in Poona. In those days it took immense courage for a woman to stand up in public at all, even to read an address composed by her husband; in these it is not public opinion a woman speaker fears but her own nervousness. Mrs. Ranade is now an able, forceful speaker, able to set forth clearly and convincingly the points she wishes to make.

Justice Ranade liked to have the newspapers read aloud to him. Sometimes he would ask his wife to read, or she would be present while his clerk read them. They would then discuss the matters of moment together, and this proved the foundation of Ramabai Ranade's interest in public questions. She used to travel with her husband on his official tours, and both then and during his vacations she came into touch with the wives of other Indian officials to whom she used to speak of what she had learnt through the papers and through her precious conversations with her husband. This led to the establishment of drawingroom meetings in her house, and the organisation of the first Women's Samaj in Bombay. In these private ways she was being trained for the great work which has now become hers.

Alas, in 1901, the beloved husband was unexpectedly snatched away by death, and the 27 year's comradeship was closed. For a year the afflicted widow remained in the strictest seclusion, but her greatest ambition was to live as her husband had encouraged her to—for the service of others. They had had no children, but had adopted a daughter, and with her Mrs. Ranade removed to a house which was her own property in Poona, and there she tried to soften her sorrow in work that she knew would please her husband and be useful to others.

She started a Hindu Ladies' Social Club which met at her house and which later opened classes for illiterate women and widows. There was thus an organised body of women ready to whom the members of The Servants of India Society could turn for help in urgent social work when plague and famine ravaged the city and the surrounding districts. Through the co-operation of Mr. G. K. Devadhar, one of the prominent members of that society, the whole scheme of the present Seva Sadan was drawn up, and the older Ladies' Club was expanded into it with results then undreamt of. Its objects may be summed up as education, mutual helpfulness, national service. Its means are organisation, self-help and self-sacrifice. Its name means "The Home of Service".

As Mrs. Ranade is the life and soul of the movement, it was but natural that it was round her home that the classes first started. There in a quiet street off the main thoroughfares of Poona city she and Mr. Devadhar, her right-hand man, have grappled with problem after problem of finance, staff, housing, expansion, as they came up for solution. Oh, the pride that shone in her eyes and thrilled in her voice as she told us the other day that she had just found from the attendance roll that 900 women were attending daily, excluding those coming to the Health and Infant Centre! One is tempted to relate the romance of that story of expansion, but it is the woman we are here concerned with. It is characteristic of the whole matter that Mrs. Ranade herself would much rather I wrote of that story than of her! She dislikes having to come before the public. She inspires from within. And yet she does not shrink from leadership. She is well aware of her own valuable amount of experience, and has no false

modesty about gripping some new big work which has to be done. She was the leader of the agitation for Compulsory Primary Education for Girls that was an object-lesson to the public of women's earnestness and splendid power of public organisation, and yet she would not walk in their procession or sit in the group photograph! She is just now equally keen on woman suffrage, and yet the thought of interviewing a Councillor, whom she has not before met through private friends, causes her the utmost shrinking. One feels in her presence the psychology of the transition period of Indian womanhood from the cloistered, intensive idealism of the past to the expansive public mothering spirit of the future.

It touched me deeply to learn that every Sunday she goes to the prison in Poona and there speaks words of spiritual comfort to her sisters—who are often more sinned against (by society) than sinning. Thus even her day of rest she devotes to freeing souls in bondage.

Though plain of face, figure and dress, at first glance hardly distinguishable from hundreds of similar dull-sareed Marathi women, there is a sense of alertness, awareness, aliveness about her that marks her out from her sisters, and shines from her clear, free eyes despite the spectacles which tell of limitations of sight. Similarly, though she is small of physical stature, she is head and shoulders over all of us in her spirit of self-renunciation and in the success of her persevering work. She evokes admiration, respect and love from all who come in contact with her.

I asked her, "What do you think of the future of women in India?" "It is full of hope and promise," she replied, and in doing so spontaneously took my hand and pressed it. It touches the heart of a westerner when her eastern sister does that. It bridges gulfs and knits the human sisterhood together. Like Mirabai of the poet's intuition, she

......wears little hands
Such as God makes to hold big destinies.

Her hands revealed her soul, for in their touch was a soft sweetness and a strong vitality which still inspire me, and which promise the blessing of her remarkable powers of service to humanity for many years to come.

MAHADEV GOVIND RANADE: 1842—1901

THE late Mr. G. K. Gokhale once remarked of the late Justice M. G. Ranade that he accomplished an amount of work equal to that of half a dozen other great men in India. Mr. Ranade certainly had the quality of industry that is next neighbour to genius. But this industry was only the outer expression of other qualities. People saw the finished labor, but did not realise that behind it there was the power of concentration, strict order and thoroughness. There are many people in all countries who think that leadership means the

bility to talk on the platform. Love of country was the dominant impulse of the life of Judge Ranade, but he did not harbour the illusion that the duty of love was completed only by talking vaguely of serving the Motherland, nor did he indulge in the narrow idea that service to the Motherland meant adherence to a particular political creed or method. As a student and as one who practised the deep truths enshrined in the Hindu scriptures (as well as in the great Asian scripture, the Bible, which he knew thoroughly), Mr. Ranade accepted all that was best in world-thought for the use of his country. By temperament he was scientific rather than imaginative. Outside his legal work he threw his genius into the exposition of political economy, believing that a knowledge of the principles of large-scale human exchange of the means of life would help India to a position of greater wealth. But this temperamental specialisation did not reduce his appreciation of the value of other elements in the complexities of human life. Intellectual commerce was as important to him as the commerce of the market-place. By vast reading and systematic recording of his studies he acquired such a wealth of co-ordinated knowledge that his simplest words were charged with profound wisdom and meaning. Yet all his learning rested on a simple faith in the Divine guidance of the universe. He saw this Divine Life working through all things; consequently his attitude was one of reverence towards the little as well as the great: and in this attitude, more perhaps than in anything else, his own greatness was shown.

Literary Storyteller

CHILDREN'S READING-ROOM SCHEME

The Bradford Libraries Committee propose that at four of the branch libraries where they have reading-rooms specially for the use of children a lady shall be engaged to tell stories to the children as a means of stimulating the interest of the young folk in literature.

Good use is made of the reading-rooms by the young people. Each room is furnished with a library of books calculated to interest children. The work of these departments is quite distinct from that of the children's section of the lending libraries, from which, of course, volumes are taken away on loan. In the children's reading-rooms the books are read on the spot. Last year in the four reading-rooms a total of nearly 60,000 books was issued.

The idea is to obtain the services of some person with a special gift for the work—storytellers, like poets, being born, not made—who would pay a visit to the children's reading-rooms each week and tell the youngsters stories from literature. It is thought that a dramatic presentation of the stories would greatly stimulate interest in reading.

Bradford City Council's advertisement to tell the great stories of literature to the children has brought 56 replies. These have included several from as far afield as Fife, the Isle of Man, and Ireland. The applicants have a diversity of previous occupations. Many have been teachers. others governesses in aristocratic families, one is a trained nurse, and another a journalist. Six of the would-be storytellers confess to authorship themselves, while others have previous experience in telling stories to children. One of these claims to have told stories to children of different nations.

In the children's rooms at three of the city's libraries there will be "talks" to the children on stories and literature generally, and a serious endeavour will be made to encourage them to make the acquaintance of the best authors.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Too long the night of ignorance
Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power
And not the love of kind.

Now let the blessed truth be flashed
To earth's remotest span,
Of the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man.

(From *Chants of Labour* Ed. by Edward Carpenter)

Work with Boys and Girls in the United States

BY E. Y. BLUM

HAVING observed the splendid heights of self-sacrificing idealism to which our citizens, both civil and military, rose during the war, the contrast presented by present day conditions is painful and discouraging. There is much in the world-situation to cause alarm. The investigations now being conducted at Washington into the operation of certain governmental departments has uncovered sordid facts that indicate that faithlessness to public obligation is more widespread than was suspected. The waste and extravagance and worse in our cities is too well-known to need comment. Perhaps if we compare the present situation with pre-war conditions the outlook would not be so bad; but there is a spirit of selfishness, sense-gratification, non-respect for law and constituted authority, restlessness, class consciousness and sectionalism apparent that must cause uneasiness to all thinking people.

A very hopeful sign, however, amid all the unrest and chaos, is the interest many of our national and community leaders are taking in work with boys and girls. I understand that President Coolidge has declared his intention of calling a White House Conference soon to discuss the problem of our American Boys and Girls. To this Conference it is expected that representatives of the Boy Scouts of America, the Girl Scouts and all other Child Welfare agencies will be invited. The publicity incident to such a conference and the sound and constructive plans that should be developed in it would, undoubtedly, be of great value to the Nation.

A population of over one hundred million in this country should indicate at least twenty million children between the ages of seven and twenty-one. Undoubtedly three-fourths of the latter number are between the ages of seven and eighteen. Assuming numerical equality of the sexes we get the picture of what boy and girl work in the United States alone means.

Here are seven to eight million boys between the ages of seven to eighteen; and an equal number of girls. I eliminate children over eighteen years of age from the picture because they, in the vast majority of cases, have finished all the schooling they get. At least their time is either fully engaged in apprenticeship in some business or industry, or in college or university, if boys; and to a somewhat lesser degree if girls. At any rate, I am not considering children over eighteen years of age as included in a programme of boy and girl work.

There are 8,760 hours in the year. Allowing ten hours a day for sleeping and eating we find that most American boys and girls have approximately 5,000 hours a year for other purposes. Home duties, I am convinced, do not absorb more than a fifth of this time. School for the average of nine months a year, with holidays, Saturdays and Sundays counted out, and a school days of the usual six hours, would account for something over another fifth of this time. Thus we have about 3,000 hours each year left.

If the child's parents realise somewhat the obligations of parenthood and arrange for the proper spending of these hours of leisure, then all *is* well with the child. But a somewhat extensive experience and familiarity with the situation impels me to the conclusion that all is *not* well with most of our boys and girls.

In the first place, there is too widespread a practice on the part of parents of leaving too much of the training of the children to the school teacher and the truant or juvenile office. Our educational system at best seems to instruct rather than educate the child. We have worshipped religious liberty until it is a fetish and we seem afraid to permit the teaching of anything that savors of religious education in our schools. This need is inadequately met by the churches, in my opinion, so our boy and girl life is thus seriously handicapped.

Above all, the example we constantly set our own and our neighbours' children by our almost universal chase after sense gratification; our "jazzing," time-killing seeking after amusement and other fleeting and evanescent things of life; is by far our greatest failure so far as our children are concerned.

Now it is from the ranks of this army of from seven to eight million boys that our presidents, governors, police chiefs, bankers, business men, etc., are to be recruited to-morrow. In other words, these boys are going to step into our shoes soon. And, more important still, they are going to marry our girls. If they have not been taught some primary principles of idealism and fact, how about their children?

Are these boys and girls being reached and really taught how to use profitably those three thousand leisure hours each year? Are they really being reached and taught how *safely to survive* their youth? I ask the question of all. My own opinion is that they are not being reached and that they are not being so taught. I am too familiar with the records of juvenile delinquency to think otherwise.

The Boy Scout movement in this country is doing splendid work. It is teaching in a fine and practical way most of the ideals that should move our future citizens to action. It has a fine organisation and is liberally supported. It is officered nationally by exceptionally able and sincere men. It has the aid of an army of volunteer adult workers of nearly two hundred thousand, scattered over thousands of communities in this country, and these forward-looking, public-spirited men are giving liberally of their time and money to advance the cause of Scouting. But this splendid movement is reaching less than ten per cent of our army of boys and it is the biggest and best organised of all boy movements in this country.

There are many other agencies working on the problem and doing good work too. There thousands of men and women scattered over this country who are becoming awake to this problem and active in solving it. They are accomplishing worth while results, but the field and the problem is so vast that they seem pitifully few and inadequate by comparison.

My own views regarding the problem are fairly well expressed in the following extract from a speech I made a few months ago at a Father-Son banquet in my home city:

"We older folks who have had the fine edge of our idealism blunted by contact with life, who have almost reached an attitude of hopelessness in trying measurably to raise the consciousness of folks by appealing to adults, take new hope and courage when we ponder the possibilities that exist in the young people of the Nation.

"In the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the DeMolay, the National Boys and Girls Club Work, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and Big Brother movements, the boys work departments of the International classification clubs, and other such movements; lie the hope of this Nation.

"If we can reach our boys and girls and furnish them a wholesome training programme for their leisure hours. If we can teach them to love their country; that their birth in it places upon them the obligation to support and defend it and fit themselves for its service. If we can get them to realise that each right enjoyed by them has been earned by and through the self-sacrifice and struggle of their ancestors and implies an obligation on their part to render the same service to their Nation and to posterity. If we can make them see that each liberty enjoyed means that some one else is refraining from exercising some desire, and thus teach them restraints. If we can set up in their hearts the ideal of purity—so that they will keep themselves clean and strong and unashamed—to the end that the race may improve and go on to higher and yet higher levels of attainment. If we can get them to realise that true religion is the guide and touch-stone of life, and that the examples set by the great religious teachers and by noble, heroic men can and should be followed. If we can instil into their hearts and minds the truth that only by service to others can true happiness be found.

"Then, my friends, this Nation will prosper and flower into that which it was intended to be, the home of freedom and the brightest bloom on the tree of civilisation.

"We see in you, sons, and in our daughters, the flaming of that splendid idealism which has ever forced the race upward and onward. Do not let it die. Feed it ever that it may burn brighter and partake ever more and more of the quality of that divine love and idealism of the great Christian Master, the Christ, who lived and died in service to others."

Homes of Greatness

[The following article from *The Literary Digest* very interestingly follows up the spirit underlying the idea of Homes of Greatness. The idea set forth by the prizewinner is well worth adapting by teachers all over the world. For "Literary Digest" *The Young Citizen* might be substituted so far as Indian readers are concerned. G. S. A.]

Why Do We Send Our Children to School

ALL the people of the United States are taxed to educate the children of some. Nowadays, protests one of the best known educators in the country, Dr. William McAndrew, formerly associate superintendent of the New York Public Schools, recently called to Chicago to be the head of the Public School System there, our public schools are in too many cases failing to justify this taxation of all for some. The founders of the American Public School System, which has since expanded into by far the largest system of free public education in the history of the world, secured a general tax for public schools, Mr. McAndrew reminds us, on the ground that the money would be used to further "a more perfect union, domestic tranquillity, general (not personal) welfare."

In other words, our schools were intended to justify their receipt of public money by contributing to the public good. In return for funds from all the people the schools are presumed to prepare their pupils for service, not only for themselves but for their country.

"This the schools can do," comments Dr. McAndrew, "by direct, not indirect, preparation for those functions which the founders of this Republic said every citizen must perform; clear thinking deep feeling, wise action, in community affairs." THE DIGEST has a particular interest in this matter, not only because it is used by some 15,000 teachers in their class-room work, but also because it represents probably the most successful extant attempt to supply an unbiased résumé of history in the making. Its weekly articles, carefully edited to show the various phases of world events, have been adjudged a good foundation for that "clear-thinking, deep-feeling, wise action, in community affairs," which is a primary aim of our public-school system.

In order to emphasize this ideal, THE DIGEST recently offered one thousand dollars in prizes in an essay-outline contest, based on the following quotation from Woodrow Wilson:

"Ours is a Christian civilization and it must include sympathy and helpfulness, and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others, and of the community as a whole."

A first prize of $250 was offered, and there was a second prize of $150, a third prize of $100, "ten honorable mention" awards of $25 each, and 25 special awards of $10 each. The three judges were Dr. McAndrew, Max Herzberg, head of the English Department of the Central High School of Newark, New Jersey, and the Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST. The first prize was awarded to Miss Irma F. Price of the Fairmount, West Virginia, high school.

The winner of the first prize puts her suggestions in skeleton form. Her thesis runs, in full:

Organize the English classes into a "Service Workshop."

Inspire each pupil to make a "Service Book" as an outgrowth of class work.

Use the following as a basis:

1. Theme: The dignity and greatness of work and workers.

2. Slogan: "The will to work for men."

3. Collect, from your reading, fine sayings about service.

4. For service laboratory work, divide each class into two sections.

Elect a chairman to conduct discussions, a secretary to record decisions, and three judges to decide which section tests issues most soundly.

5. Laboratory period: Each section meets separately to discuss articles of the current LITERARY DIGEST in view of service; to compare the people in THE DIGEST, who are serving, with those of its town and State; to make out a list of "Service traits," basing it on the personal qualities of those under discussion; and fill in the following blank:

A World Service List

Name	Place	Personal Traits	Specific Service	To Whom	Value

6. Each secretary reports the "Service List" from a blackboard poster, made by elected artists.

Each chairman has his members justify the choice and climax order of his list.

The judges name the better list, as a whole or in part, stating their reasons, thus revealing the sound thinking of each section.

From this decision make one final list, which each copies in his "Service Book."

Elect judges weekly on the merit of judgment used in selecting the final list.

7. Each pupil makes "A Community Service List" from observation and newspapers.

8. (*a*) Discussion: "My Favorite Field of Service."

(*b*) Make "My Service List."

9. Instil joyous service in each class at Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc.

10. Give a series of service talks in assembly:

"The Will to Work for Men."

"How——High School Serves Our Community."

"How Our State Serves the Nation.

11. Correlate literature eulogizing service; as, Browning's "Shorter Poems."

12. Have each class, as a whole, make a loose-leaf, indexed "Service Book 1923-'24" containing clippings and pictures from periodicals. Combine into one best book. Catalog it in the library for reference.

13. Throughout this project, the teacher, inspiring, suggesting, commending, works with the pupils and thus creates and promotes a wholesome teacher-pupil relationship.

Dr. McAndrew comments on the winner and her outline:

"She senses the fact that you can't teach an ideal in one lesson. She makes service the intent of the whole year. She adopts a slogan. It is taken from the gateway of the first institution of higher learning instituted at public expense: The University of Virginia. It is 'The will to work for men." She capitalizes the collecting instinct, each child making a 'service book' and filling it with service stories. She gives it worth by having a secretary keep a record. She utilizes the competitive impulse by decision of judges each session. She gets deeper into the idea by having children analyze deeds into 'service traits.' She utilizes results by having these literary digesters give the whole school the best matter in assembly talks. She has the children compile a world-service list of people and what they are doing for mankind and the value of their deeds. She has it bulletined and illustrated for the whole school. She makes a real reference book by having it indexed. She brings it home to Fairmount by a community service list. She gets down to individual duty and performance in 'My own service list.' She carries it over into action by not stopping with talk about service, but gets practise in it. This is by all odds the most complete, interesting, worthwhile, and workable plan."

Unquiet Earth

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

When they call earth quiet
I think they do not know
How life surges
In wave on wave of power.
The old earth shakes with
Things that grow
And laughter of dead women
Caught in a scarlet flower.

When they call earth quiet
I think they have not seen
Old roads covered and
Old paths lost.
There is nothing more restless
Than small, fine green
That stirs in the seed that
The wind has tossed.

The old earth mother
In every field and thicket
Uncovers and recovers,
Bearing without rest.
Eggs and sprouts and lichens,
Mouse and worm and cricket,
And wild red honey at
Her warm brown breast!

Seed that dies to live again
And no man understanding;
Sour green fruit that loves the sun
But waits till frost for sweet;
And that old word of dust to dust,
Destiny commanding,
Flower and fruit and seed to make
The year complete!

The earth is never beaten;
She has harvests in wild places.
The bear knows the berry,
The fox knows the grape,
And all the old dead in her
Come out with flower faces;
She trembles with the forces
That quiver and escape.

When men call earth quiet
I think they do not know
How root calls to root
And breaks the brown clod,
They've never watched the woods come
Where men no longer go
And eat the long road where
Our feet once trod.

The Strange Story of Kamuela Searle

BY HARRY CARR

[A year or so ago Kamuela Searle was nothing more than a jazz dancer, and cared for nothing else. To-day, as an American journal points out, he is a famous sculptor, as well as a noted painter. It is a case of remembrance, says the journal, for he has memories of a life as a Sculptor in ancient Egypt. We print below a most interesting article about him, as well as two pictures—one by himself of Grant Wallace, the other of himself at work on a bust. *Eds.*]

REX INGRAM has discovered another actor. This one was formerly a priest and sculptor. He built one of the Egyptian pyramids some two or three thousand years before the Christian era. He says that was in a previous existence before there were any movies or Rex Ingrams.

Mr. Ingram's discovery is a young halfcaste Hawaiian named Kamuela Searle. He has burning orbs, a passionate glance that, as Della Fox used to say, "goes clear thru you and buttons down the back," a magnificent physique and an emotional nature that sizzles and sizzles.

The story of this young Searle is an amazing chapter.

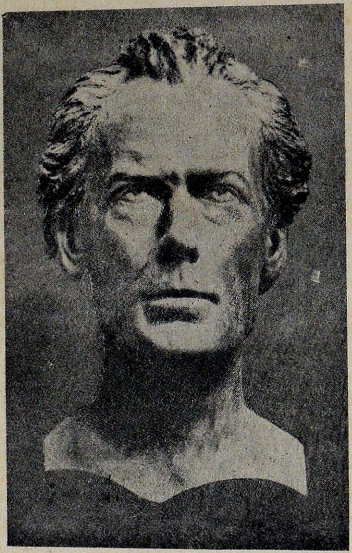
Eight months ago he was a careless young "cake eater" intent only on jazz dance steps: he had never given art a thought. To-day he is a famous sculptor, a painter of note, and threatens to become a movie sensation.

No one can explain it except Searle himself.

He says he was born a trained sculptor and artist. He simply remembered a technique learned five thousand years ago when he was a builder of great monuments in Egypt in the days of the forgotten Pharaohs. In proof thereof, he has given engineers the answer to a puzzle that has long puzzled trained Egyptologists.

We may as well begin at the beginning of his story, which was a love affair; his mother was a beautiful Hawaiian girl on a lonely island of the South Seas. His father was a young Scotch trader.

Until he was seventeen years old, young Kamuela lived a wandering aimless life, playing with the native children. All the speech he knew was a queer jargon of the South Sea traders—the pidgin-English of the Orient.



SPECIMEN OF SEARLE'S SCULPTURE

When he was seventeen, he somehow drifted to San Francisco. Hanging around town, he made the acquaintance of a prize-fight impresario who was struck by his lusty young strength and physique. He gave the hungry young fellow a job as a sparring partner for Harlem Tommy Murphy, who was then training for a fight in San Francisco. Searle was batted around for a pittance. The impresario had thought that the young Hawaiian might be made into a prize-fighter himself; but the boy was so weak from continued hunger that his strength failed under the pressure. So he was turned loose again to pick up a precarious living.

Finally he got down to Los Angeles. There he found occasional work in the movies. He was a gorgeous-looking boy and his courage was vivid. In several wild-eyed serials, they sent him down under water to fight sharks; a trick he had learned in his Kanaka days. Even then he might have scored a success if he had been able to get enough real interest. But the happy carelessness of the tropic sun was in his veins. If he had a meal in sight, he didn't worry about the next meal.

Kamuela told me that it was not until the war that he really found himself. It is an astounding story, filled with occult mysteries.

"It was at the end of a long march in France," he said. "We had walked over thirty miles under forced pressure. It was terrible. For the last fifteen miles my feet were bleeding. It was agony. When we finally arrived in the trenches, I threw myself down in the mud.

"I was so tortured in spirit that I cried half aloud: I said: 'Oh God, if there is any God, give me some answer to all this. Why do I have to go thru

all this suffering? What is it all about? Show me some answer.'

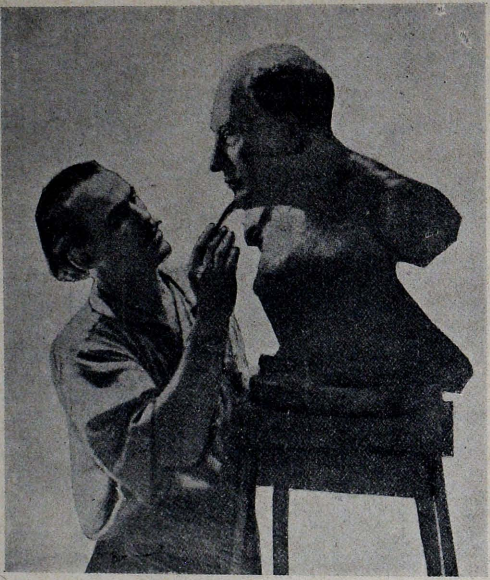
"In my agony I had thrust one of my hands deep into the mud. Restlessly my fingers moved around in the glug. It is just as one does queer unconscious things while at the telephone with one's hands.

"Presently I looked down and saw that my hand had moulded a superb little figure of a nude: it was a man with both arms raised to heaven in an agony of supplication and appeal. It was my answer.

"During the remainder of my time in the trenches I was beaten about too much by the hurly-burly of war to realize much of anything. When it was over, I came back to California. One day I went to the cliffs that guard the Golden Gate.

"Looking down upon the beach below I saw a vision of a girl lying dead on the sands. It was clear to me what it meant. It was the bruised body of Art slaughtered by the brutalities of war and cast up on the shores of America. It was like a ringing message.

"One day, about a year ago, I was passing an art store in Los Angeles and looked in the windows. I don't know why, but I went and asked a clerk what the stuff was for.



KAMUELA SEARLE AT WORK

"'It's potters' clay,' he said.

"'What do the potters use it for?' I asked.

"'Sculptors use it to make statues with.'

"I had just sixty dollars—the sum total of my worldly wealth. I don't know what kind of a queer whim it was, but when I went out of that art store I had sixty dollars' worth of art materials and an empty pocket.

"'I have tried everything else,' I told the clerk, 'May be I'm a genius.'"

He was. In eight months, his fame had spread thruout California as a sculptor. He was working on the ranch of Lyman T. Gage as a farm hand when Mr. Gage saw him modeling. Instantly he perceived the boy's undoubted genius. He provided him with a studio on the place. Young Searle modeled a bust of Mr. Gage which was at once recognized by art critics as a superior production. Thru the influence of Mr. Gage, he was permitted to model Luther Burbank. Luther Burbank is the sculptor's despair. The plant wizard's barn is filled with clay busts that represent the failures of other sculptors.

Out of the clay that he didn't know the use of, eight months before, the young Hawaiian modeled a bust so striking that the city of Santa Rosa has given him an order for a large statue to be erected as a monument for her famous citizen. Busts for Cecil de Mille and other celebrities followed.

In the midst of his work, a well-known painter asked him to go on a vacation to Santa Fé, New Mexico. While idling out there, young Searle was suddenly seized with an inspiration to try his hand at painting. He tore off half a dozen landscapes of the Southwest. One was purchased by the artblasé city of Santa Fé: the other sold at big prices in Los Angeles.

The explanation of this astonishing birth of his art dawned upon young Searle when he heard some engineers discussing the monoliths of ancient Egypt. They were debating the possible methods of making the giant statues that abound in the land of that age-old sculptors. They couldn't find, in their own minds, any explanation as to how a sculptor could have worked on those immense scales.

The whole explanation suddenly dawned upon Kamuela Searle: he remembered having done one of those statues himself in ancient Egypt as though it was an event of yesterday. To the thunder-struck engineers he gave the first clear explanation they had ever heard.

"The sculptor was also a priest," he said. "He had the assistance of thirty men—expert stone cutters.

"He did not work on the big monoliths himself He first made a small statue in clay. This was placed alongside the great monolith. The two shadows were then measured at a given hour. This gave the exact mathematical proportion between the two. From this scale, the thirty workmen then carved the big statue. By measuring the lines on the small figure and multiplying the figure, the carving of the large statue became a simple matter."

Young Searle is a very handsome young fellow with a peculiar hot glow of animation. He could undoubtedly succeed as a painter, a sculptor or an actor. Rex Ingram, being a sculptor himself, wants to take Searle into the movies when he makes "Toilers of the Sea," meanwhile superintending his artistic education.

Moths that talk by Wireless

Discovery of Radio Anticipated by Insects

That moths and other insects sent wireless messages long before Marconi even thought of the subject seems a suprising statement; nevertheless this is a view now held by many scientists.

The problem of how moths "talk" to each other over long distances has puzzled science for a long time. Men like Darwin and Ray Lankester have been unable to explain why the female moth is able to call the male moth to her even though he is anything from one to five miles away. How is it done?

Theories that Failed

Long ago it was thought by naturalists that the male moth was called by sound waves set up by the female. Experiments, however, showed this was impossible. For instance, the female was placed in a sound-proof jar, and yet she was able to summon the male without the slightest trouble. Scientists knew that sound waves could not penetrate the wall of the jar. After this experiment scent was suggested, and so Mrs. Moth was placed in a scent-proof container, and still she was able to call her mate. This exploded the scent theory.

Scientists knew that scent and sound could not penetrate the wall of the containers used, and they were at a loss to understand this mysterious method of communication. Their bewilderment was complete when it was discovered that an Oak Eggar female moth, born in a box in a naturalist's house in the centre of a smoky town, could summon males from moorland to the identical house in the busy city.

Quite recently various naturalists have suggested that wireless is the secret of the moth's power, and experiments, particularly those conducted by Professor Laurence Horle, go far to prove this theory

The Moth's Arrival

Professor Horle constructed a unique wireless set, and for four months listened to the moths, hearing strange murmurings or hummings, which may or may not have been wireless messages.

During the experiments very close watch on the male moth was maintained. Close examination of moths will reveal the fact that they carry an antenna which is really equivalent to the wireless aerial that is employed in communication work today. In fact, Professor Hertz, the man who discovered wireless waves in 1885, used a device that he called an antenna, because it greatly resembled the antenna carried by moths, although at that time Professor Hertz probably did not dream that he was trying actually to mimic the moths.

When the male moth is located some distance from the female, he waves this sensitive antenna, pointing it first in one direction, and then another, as if he were trying to sense the direction of an approaching message. After a certain amount of experimental work on his part he will suddenly take to his wings and fly in as straight a line as possible to his calling mate.

A Forgotten Secret?

In connection with the methods of communication used by moths and animals, it is interesting to know what Ernest Thompson Seton, the great naturalist, has said about the wolf. After careful observation, he believes that the wolf must use some system of telepathy, since a lone wolf is able to call a pack together without himself uttering a bark or a growl.

Other animals and insects have equally mysterious systems of talking to each other. Who knows but that the apparatus necessary for such communication is in the human body, and we have simply forgotten how to use it?

Many psychic societies have in their field thousands of records of instances of human telepathy, the majority of which are said to be authentic.

If we learn the secrets of animal and insect communication, the day may come when we shall be able to exercise our own telepathic faculties more effectively.—*Leader* (Allahabad)

Ancient Stories for Indian Children

[Under the above title we are glad to be able to print the first of a series of charming little sketches of great Indians, specially written for children by Mr. M. S. Rajagopal Aiyar. Such sketches are very much needed and we wish other readers could follow the author's example. EDS.]

Preface

I have given in the following sketches brief accounts of some of the ancient worthies of this land. This is in accordance with the spirit of the times which demands that no child shall grow up ignorant of the doings of his ancestors and that moral instruction worth the name be best imparted through the biographies of the eminent personages of the land.

I have tried to stick faithfully to the Samskrit originals in writing these stories. Here and there I have drawn the young reader's attention to certain points worthy of note by them.

It has been my aim to increase the vocabulary of the pupils and enable them to write readable English, besides storing their brains with the doings of the heroes and heroines of their land. How far I have succeeded in my object, it is for my readers to judge.

M. S. RAJAGOPAL AIYAR

Thyaga Aiyah

1

IT was about 700 years ago that the great musician, Sarangadeva, was born. Since then many musicians have been born who have won name and fame for themselves. But none of them had that learning and piety combined which was such a marked feature of the hero of our story.

Where was this great man born and of what family? In Tiruvalur in the Tanjore District their lived a poor but noble Brahmana, Ramabrahmam by name. He had three sons and Thyaga Aiyah was the youngest of them all. Not having much wealth he found it difficult to maintain his family. In despair, he left the place for Tiruvadi on the banks of the Cauveri. There he settled and was living from hand to mouth with the help of the earnings of his two elder sons.

Now, the third son, Thyaga Aiyah was not employed in any secular profession. Ever devoted to his parents, he looked after their comforts and convenience. He spent his time mainly in study and meditation. He soon mastered the Vedas and Sastras and wishing to increase his knowledge of music for which he had a special inclination, he sat at the feet of the master musician of the day, Venkatarama Aiyah. Within less than a year he arrived at such a perfection in the art that it was said he had but few rivals in the field.

In the fourteenth year his father died and within the next year his mother also. So it fell to the lot of Thyaga Aiyah to worship the family Deity, Ramachandra. Daily after his bath he sat before the image of the Deity and meditated upon His form. Nothing gave him greater happiness than this.

When he was sixteen years old, a great Brahmana of Kanchi came to visit him. Of his own accord he taught him Rama mantra and ordered him to repeat it many times a day. With resolute mind he never omitted to repeat the mantra till he reached the age of thirty eight.

The course over, it is said that Sri Rama appeared before him and gave him darasan. Thyaga Aiyah went into raptures at the sight and forthwith began to praise Rama in melodious tunes.

God will similarly reward your Bhakthi, if only it be sincere and pure.

2

His true devotion combined with musical talents soon excited the admiration of the local people. To enjoy his music people flocked to his house in great numbers. It was said that he was a Narada in wisdom and a Gandharva in music.

Soon his fame spread far and wide. Men from far off places, knowing of his fame, came to see and hear him. Without reserve he used to sit and delight the audience with his exquisite music.

One day, as he was taking an oil bath, a knock was heard at the door and he hastened to open it. On opening the door, he saw a Sanyasin clad in yellow robes. He received him and performed all the customary ceremonies due to a holy guest. At the request of the holy man he sang some of his own music. Delighted with this, Narada—for that was the Sanyasin's name—gave him a book on music and vanished. Needless to say, our hero mastered its contents with his usual zeal and became the greatest musician of the day.

Not long after, Govindadasa, a renowned musician of Trivandram, had a vision of Sri Rama in a dream. The great God ordered him to proceed to Tirvadi and hear his Bhaktha's song. He did as he was told. On hearing Thyaga Aiyah's music he could not but exclaim that he was Valmiki, incarnate once

again to delight the world with his wonderful music. He then disappeared.

Later on, Sarfoji, the then King of Tanjore, invited Thyaga to visit him. But Thyaga Aiyah was too proud to obey the orders of an earthly King. He cared for none, be he prince or peasant. His only aim was to win the favor of his Lord. So he declined the interview and the king had to go disappointed, knowing no threat of his could avail against a Rama-Bhaktha.

Thus Thyaga Aiyah let slip an opportunity of amassing wealth. His brothers, enraged at this, resolved upon a plan. One night, as he was sleeping, they stealthily took away the image of Sri Rama and dropped it into the Cauveri. The next day, when, as usual, he went to his Puja room, he did not find the image of Sri Rama. Great was his grief. He prayed and prayed to Sri Rama to have the image restored to him. His prayer was soon answered. For one night a few days after the incident Sri Rama appeared in a dream and directed him to dig a certain spot in the Cauveri. There, to his great delight he saw the image lying buried under the sands.

3

The days passed. Once a thought struck him that he should go to Tirupathi and worship the Lord there. Few places are held to be more sacred in India than this. Throughout the year pilgrims can be seen going up and down the hill to offer worship to the Lord Srinivasa.

On an auspicious day, therefore, he started for Tirupathi, accompanied by his disciples. On entering the temple he found he could not have a view of the Lord, a screen having been hung in front of the Deity. He prayed to Him, and so the screen dropped of its own accord and all the pilgrims were astonished.

Leaving Tirupathi, on his way home he stopped at Kovur, a place dedicated to Siva. At the request of one, Natesa Mudaliar, he stayed there for a week. Then he resumed his journey.

In the middle of the forest along which his path lay, he was attacked by a band of dacoits. Suspecting the presence of money in his palanquin, they caused its bearers to stop. In fear, his disciples sought his advice. But, he, nothing daunted prayed to his Lord. To save His devotee from the peril, Sri Rama appeared as a warrior and drove away the thieves.

But Thyaga Aiyah was not aware of all Sri Rama had done. The thieves shortly after came to him and asked him who the warrior was. He guessed the warrior must be Sri Rama himself and offered thanks to Him. Realising the greatness of the man whom they had intended to plunder, the thieves, thereafter, became his staunch disciples.

Then he reached a Brahmana street and saw a crowd of people in the temple hard by. On enquiring he learnt that a pilgrim bound for Tirupathi had fallen into a well in the temple and died. The dead body was taken out of the well and the wife of the dead man was weeping bitterly. Thither he went and standing before the corpse prayed to Sri Rama to restore life to the dead man. Instantly the dead man rose up as if from sleep and walked. All the bystanders were filled with joy.

Between the Cauveri and the Coleroon there lies the sacred city of Srirangam. Here is a Vishnu temple much resorted to by the people. After his return from Tirupathi, Thyaga Aiyah went to this shrine for worship. That done, he came back to his village.

In course of time Sir Rama appeared before him one day and said that by the beginning of the tenth month from that date he would breathe his last. Nine months and twenty days elapsed and once more Sri Rama appeared before him and ordered him to take to Sanyasa, promising to take him unto Himself ten days later.

On the same day, his great renunciation took place in the midst of holy Brahmanas. Ten days later in the year 4948 according to Kali age he quietly passed away from this earth. He was buried on the banks of the Cauveri and on the spot where his body lay was erected a mound by his disciples. Here annually a great Puja is held in his honor. Hither hail from all parts of India musicians and devotees of God. Harikathas are performed before this shrine and the audience thereof is legion.

The Arrow and the Song

1. I shot an arrow into the air,
   It fell to earth, I knew not where;
   For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
   Could not follow in its flight.

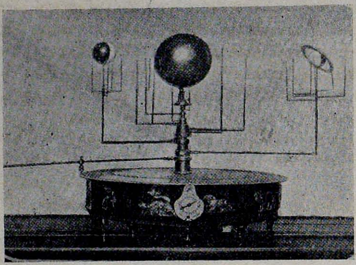
2. I breathed a song into the air,
   It fell to earth, I knew not where;
   For who has sight so keen and strong
   That it can follow the flight of song?

3. Long, long afterward, in an oak
   I found the arrow, still unbroke;
   And the song, from beginning to end,
   I found again in the heart of a friend.

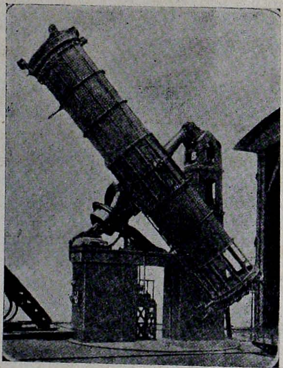
—*Henry W. Longfellow*

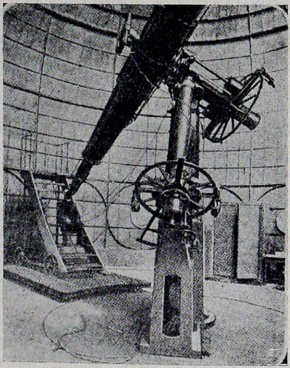
The Paris Observatory

THE establishment of the Paris Observatory goes back to the days of Louis XIV. Richelieu originated it as far back as 1664, Colbert took it in hand, and it is curious to read that the object was to rival or to equal the observatories of England, of Denmark and of China. Claude Perrault, celebrated architect of the Louvre, put up the first building and work was begun upon it in 1667. Efforts were made to get the great astronomers of the world, such as Huyghens, Newton and Leibnitz, to come to the observatory. None of these would come and eventually Jean Dominique Cassini from the famous University of Bologne was put in charge, and three generations of Cassini's succeeded each other in conducting the observatory.



Left below: The Great Equatorial Telescope of the Paris Observatory Showing the Mounting Clearly. The Seat of the Operator Is Changed So As To Correspond With the Varying Positions of the Telescope. Above: A Planetarium Constructed In 1830, Now Property of the Paris Observatory. Right below: A Reflecting Telescope Built In 1875 By Eichens. It Has An Aperture of Almost Four Feet.





It is interesting to read about the old time instruments of the eighteenth century. The telescopes were of small diameter with long focus lenses. For observations in the regions of the zenith, a building without a roof was used, and there was a long gap or slot made in the northern wall of the building for raising and lowering objectives to different heights. We are told that there was a wooden tower, which carried on its top an objective of two hundred and fifty foot focus. There was no tube and the astronomer at the base of the tower held the eye-piece in his hand, remarkable dexterity being required to make observations under these conditions.

Of course, many discoveries were made in the observatory. It was there that the Danish astronomer Roemer determined that light required from seven to eight minutes to traverse the distance from the sun to the earth, really 8 minutes 20 seconds, basing his calculations on the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. In 1657 the catalogue of fixed stars was begun. In the latter half of the eighteenth century great activity obtained which was rudely interrupted by the French Revolution. Cassini the Fourth, as he was called, objecting to the treatment by the Convention, resigned on the day of an eclipse of the sun, September 6, 1793, and then had to put in six months in prison.

Mr. Jerome de Lalande was the Director of the observatory for some ten years following the Revolution, and he is said to have enjoyed great popularity and did good work. His great treatise on astronomy was used for several generations by students and is still consulted. A curious thing

is told about his gastronomic propensities. He was very fond of eating caterpillars and spiders. Every Saturday he used to take supper with a friend, whose wife collected for his benefit a number of these disagreeable creatures and gave him a saucer full of them. He said that the spiders tasted like nuts, while the caterpillars reminded him of peaches or plums.

The great Arago figures among the workers on the staff of the observatory, concerning himself with geodetic operations, laying out the meridians during war time, which involved his being seized as a spy, and captured at sea by a privateer. He eventually reached Marseilles in 1809, after his mother had given him up as dead.

We finally come to Le Verrier. He was said to have been very unpopular, but won world-wide fame when he discovered the planet Neptune. He has been termed "the Giant of Modern Astronomy." Neptune, it must be remembered, was found by pure mathematical calculation, the data leading to its identification being based on the motions of other planets.

Many of the old-time instruments are still preserved in the Museum.

The regular work of the ever busy observatory constantly goes on, and photography of the heavens has been completed at last.

Many special investigations, such as those of the satellites of Saturn and those of Jupiter with photometric investigations, had been carried on. By using polarized light and the spectroscope great differences in the luminosity of stars have been observed and have given the base for determining temperatures. Thus the temperature of the sun has been placed at 5,320° C., 9608° F.—far more than that of the electric arc—and these have coincided with other former observations in which polarization was not used. The temperature of one of the stars in Taurus is given at not less than 40,000° C., 72,000° F., in round numbers.

Time signals are sent from the station on the Eiffel Tower covering a great part of the world so that chronometers can be regulated thereby. These signals give time as determined in the observatory.

There are three clocks of the observatory kept in a crypt. The temperature practically never varies and the clocks are accurate to three ten-thousands of a second in a day. Sometimes no error can be detected. An astronomer can, by observing a star, determine time to one-tenth of a second, but the clocks of the observatory surpass him many times in accuracy. By methods at the disposal of the observatory the geographic positions of the principal points on the earth's surface are now being fixed. Our illustrations show some of the modern apparatus of the famous observatory and a famous old planetarium.

Correspondence

R. RAMAN, SCOUT, OF
Charkhe Walan,
Delhi, India, writes:—

I shall be highly thankful if you will very kindly state in the next issue of *The Young Citizen* my desire of corresponding with Scouts of other Countries.

I am very much interested in friendly correspondence. My age is nearly 20 years. My hobbies are Photo collecting, Picture Post Cards collecting and Scout Magazines and charts collecting.

Worst Boys in the City

MAKING THEM THE BEST

The police department of the city of Omaha, U. S. A., had a novel idea of keeping the boys within reasonable bounds during some celebrations. It was announced that 500 of the "worst boys in the city" were wanted to act as special policemen on Hallowe'en night. Out of 1000 applicants 500 were selected, supplied with badges of authority, and allocated to certain districts. While they were not authorised to make arrests, they made reports to the regular officers on the beats, and their zeal was most commendable.

The experiment was extremely successful. It was found that those boys with the spirit of adventure in them will find pleasure in keeping order instead of breaking the law if the chance is given them and a public trust is put on them.—*Childrens' Newspaper*

Radio

(By our Scientific Correspondent)

ENGLAND and the United States are at present in the throes of a wireless craze. Wireless receiving sets are now so cheap and easy to manage that there is one in nearly every middle and upper class house. In England there are several large sending stations in various parts of the country, called "Broadcasting" stations, which send out the news nightly, with important speeches, concerts, entertainments, and other items of interest. There are opportunities for specialities such as children's evenings when fairy tales are told, and so on. When important people wish to give a message to the country they deliver it by Radio, and it reaches as many people as any daily paper. Radio is thus beginning to play a great part in the life of the nation, and large numbers of people are taking advantage of it. Though Radio is only at its very beginning, yet concerts broadcasted from London are heard clearly in America, and a short time ago Mr. Briggs, a member of the Bengal Radio club, heard a London concert in Calcutta. Radio is thus uniting the nations in a way that has never been achieved before.

This very easy method of communication has re-awakened the desire for a universal language. Thus whereas important speeches and concerts delivered in England can easily be heard all over Europe, there are very few people who can understand them. The Babel of languages becomes emphasised by the wireless. One thing that may be done, is that a station may broadcast its programme in several languages! This will lead to people learning many more languages than they know to-day, because the way to learn a language is by hearing it spoken!

There have lately been made some extremely interesting new inventions with regard to wireless. One of these is a receiving set that can be carried in the pocket, and which is the same size as a watch. When the machine is used it is merely taken out of the pocket and held to the ear. It is claimed that it gives more sound than the usual crystal sets. The 'earth' is connected through the body and any elevated piece of metal does for aerial. Thus with an umbrella, music has been heard ten miles away from the transmitting station. But the best aerial is probably a short length of wire inside one's hat!

One American authority, Mr David Sarnoff, looks forward to a time when Radio will encircle the earth and broadcasting will be universal and free. In the future it will be possible for any man to take up his ordinary telephone and ask for a connection with anybody anywhere, on land or sea. Broadcasting will reach everybody, and will give free entertainment, culture, and instruction.

The wireless telephone is now so familiar that it ceases to be a thing of any marvel and no longer causes any surprise. But there is a still more wonderful invention being perfected at the present time, and that is an instrument to enable one to *see* by wireless! There are at least two inventors who declare that they have discovered how to do this, and the claims of one of these, Mr Fournier d'Albe, are at present being investigated by a committee. The other claimant is Mr. J. L. Baird of Hastings, England. The principle in both these systems is to transform the colors of the pictures into sounds, which are then transmitted so rapidly that to the receiver they appear simultaneous. At the receiving station the sounds are transformed back into colors, and the eye appears to glimpse them simultaneously, and to see the complete picture, since the interval between each sound in transmittal is so small.

We may also look forward to our clocks being regulated by wireless from a central point, and even wound up by wireless, so that we shall be saved that much trouble! An American is said to be perfecting this invention. Then all the clocks all over the world will be operated and regulated from one centre.

Now wireless also gives us a clue to the mysteries of human life. We cannot hear what the broadcasting station is sending out until we tune our receiving set to it. It is the same with our minds. We can catch no message from the soul until our minds become attuned to it. We spend the most of our lives in hearing the raucous and irresponsible noises all about us, but we seldom or never catch the magnificent harmonies, that are forever proceeding from the courts of heaven. They are always present, but we have not attuned ourselves to them. If we had we should not hear the lower sounds. In our souls, minds and bodies we possess marvellous wireless sets. Why not let us hear the best concerts possible? In the words of Mr. Arthur Mee "Why must we be poor in spirit, merciful, peacemakers, unselfish, and loving to all mankind? Because these things give us the wave-length of God. We cannot hear Him without them."

The Boy Scouts of America

(From a Correspondent)

IN the United States of America there are over half a million boy scouts, that is to say over double the number in any other country. America is a country where the Youth are well looked after, and their organisations encouraged. Not only are the Boy Scouts of America great in number, but they are also great in achievement. During 1922, 1477 scouts were awarded the Eagle badge, which means that each of them qualified for 21 merit badges. The badges are won by real proficiency, with a requirement in the way of concrete accomplishment. This is well shown by the records of the Court of Honor of Rochester, New York State:

"Scout Harry Tompkins of the Roosevelt troop passed 15 merit badges in a few months last spring during an advancement drive. The Chairman of the Court of Honor, thinking that perhaps one boy might have slipped through most of his requirements without any real work, proceeded to cross-examine him as follows:

'What did you do for your Electricity Badge?'
'I wired my father's house' replied Tompkins.
'How did you earn your Automobiling Merit Badge?'
'I designed and built an automobil.'
'How fast will it go?'
'Forty-five to fifty miles an hour.'
'What did you paint for your Painter's Merit Badge?
'I painted my father's house last spring.'
'You win', said the Chairman.

Altogether 4,777 scouts have been awarded the Eagle badge.

America is a country with a great sense of civic responsibility. Thus it is no wonder that scouts are very active along communal lines. An account of their work in this direction has just been issued in a six-page booklet.

One part of their work consists in co-operating with the Police. They have been of great value in Safety First campaigns, in Health drives, in tracing criminals, and so on, not to mention such things as the direction of traffic. There is a letter written jointly by the Superintendent of Public Safety and the Chief of Police of the City of Des Moines, Iowa, of which the Scouts are very proud. This is a part of it:—

"We saw the Boy Scouts on the street corners where traffic was dangerously congested, directing that traffic correctly and rapidly with all the skill of our old traffic policemen. We saw them assisting old veterans across streets, directing them kindly and correctly to their destination. We saw them along the line of march with their water-pails. We saw them doing acts of kindness everywhere."

"For all this service, the Police Department of your city recognizes the worth of the Boy Scout movement, and thanks them for the efficient and manly service they rendered to this department and the old soldiers."

America contains districts which suffer terribly every year from Forest Fires, which consume towns, villages and people, and are a terror to the country-side. In fighting the fires the scouts have given of their best. A report runs:—

"Arrangements were made for the High-school scouts to be excused from class on the sounding of the forest-fire alarm. The boys would hasten to the fire-station, board the forest-fire motor wagon and be taken to the scene of the fire for action. They received preliminary drills in the proper handling of the extinguishers, in brooming a fire, in digging trenches for back-firing, etc. 'The unit was a great success,' says the local executive."

Among other activities may be mentioned the following:

"Troop 7, Philadelphia, has played a most practical part at a number of crowded and thrilling games of baseball recently. Its members rendered first-aid to twenty spectators."

"Last Christmas, Troop 29 of Detroit made and repaired 1399 toys for poor children. During the past ten months this troop has rendered 2400 hours of service to Nation, State, and City, and has responded to every service call from Headquarters."

"At a recent 12,000,000 Dollar fire that swept the business centre of Astoria, Oregon, and left 2,500 people homeless, every troop of Boy Scouts and every Scout who had been a member of the Organisation since 1916 was on duty throughout the night and assisted in guard, errand and messenger service."

Among individual acts of bravery which deserve mention is the following for which a boy was awarded a gold medal in January. A little boy, aged nine, was bathing in a swift stream when he got out of his depth and disappeared under the water. A Boy Scout dived in after him, but missed him the first time, and was carried down stream by the swift current. However he swam to shore, ran upstream so as to get above the drowning boy, and then tried again. At the third attempt, although he was very exhausted, he managed to bring the boy to shore. A witness says "A finer or more daring piece of work, considering the turbulent nature of the stream, and the fact that the scout held to his purpose, attempting the rescue three times, although he was almost exhausted, I have certainly never seen, and seldom even heard of." The rescuer had to perform artificial methods of restoration. Six hundred and three boy scouts have been awarded medals in America so far.

196801

The Planets and the Sun

By Star-Gazer

THE stars have always had a great interest for me. The beauty of a clear night can hardly be exceeded in Nature, and those who have the privilege of living in the East—in India—have the advantage that the air is clearer and the stars seem brighter than in the factory-pervaded and smoke-laden West. The stars have been the subject of the contemplation of the saint, the harmony of the musician, the musings of the poet, and the wonder of ordinary humanity.

If the sky be looked at through a telescope it is seen that all the bright objects have not the same appearance. Some of them are just little, twinkling points of light, whereas others appear in the telescope as great discs or orbs, upon which can be seen markings which alter with time. It is these objects that are the planets, and they are very much nearer to us than the stars proper. The Planets, like our earth, revolve round the sun. Some are larger and others smaller than our earth, some are nearer to the sun, and some are farther away.

The sun itself is distant about 90,000,000 miles from us, and it has the enormous diameter of about 860,000 miles. Now our earth has a diameter of only 8,000 miles, so we see how easily we should be swallowed up by the sun if we got too near! But we should be burnt up long before we could be swallowed up, for the sun is a huge mass of blazing gas whose heat is continually replenished from some unknown source. If looked at through a large telescope with a dark lens, the surface of the sun appears to be covered with small oblong shapes resembling the leaves of a willow-tree. These "willow-leaves," as they are called, have not yet been explained by scientists, but a great occultist has told us that they are the bodies of great Devas, who transmute for us the energies of God which He rays out upon His System through the sun. Occasionally there appears a large black hole in these willow-leaves, which is called a "sun-spot". These sun-spots are often supposed to have some connection with the weather on our earth, but it is very doubtful whether they really do so. They reach a maximum every eleven years, thus going in regular periods, as does everything in our Cosmos! Out of the sun-spots come large masses of blazing gas which can be seen with a special instrument.

Although all the planets revolve round the sun, it must not therefore be thought that the sun itself is stationary. On the contrary, it is moving at the gigantic speed of about 14 miles a second in the direction of the star which is known as Vega, and is carrying the whole Solar System with it. This direction gradually changes, for the sun is not describing a straight line, but a curve or 'orbit' about some point in the universe. The sun belongs to a group of stars, which includes those of the Great Bear and Sirius. Occultism says that the great star Sirius is the centre of this part of the universe. We shall hear more about the stars another month.

All the planets are sweeping round the sun. They do not all take the same period of time to go round. We, for instance, take 365 days, with a small fraction extra. It is this revolution round the sun that makes the seasons. We do not take an exactly circular course, but it is a little bit elongated, becoming an ellipse. The nearest planet to the sun is Mercury, which is only 36,000,000 miles away. It is the smallest of the major planets, its diameter being less than half that of the earth. It appears to us as a morning and as an evening star, it always disappears soon after the sun has set, because it is so near it. It is interesting to notice, that to a person living on Mercury the year is only 88 days long, because the planet revolves round the sun in this period. It is probable that in former days, there was a planet in between Mercury and the sun, which is known as Vulcan in scientific and occult literature. Various great astronomers, such as Herschel, are said to have seen it, but its existence is now discredited. It is possible that it really was there but has since disappeared. This is the explanation given by occultism.

In our next talk we will discuss the other planets.

Overdoing It

Messrs. Doolan and Rafferty were examining a fine public building with much interest. (*Tit-Bits* stole the story and now we steal it.)

"Doolan," said Rafferty, pointing to an inscription cut in a huge stone, "phwat does thim litters, 'M-D-C-C-C-X-C-V-I-I,' mane?"

"Thot," replied Mr. Doolan, "manes eighteen hundred an' noinety-siven."

"Doolan," said Mr. Rafferty, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this shpellin' reform a bit?"

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Annie Besant

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